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85p

VOLUME 13 NUMBER 9

KNAVE

75p

RETURN OF THE MINI: an uplifting survey

HEROIC FAILURES: the men who got it wrong

TWO NEW AMATEUR MODELS

PLUS: UNDERGROUND SEX LIFE OF THE VICTORIANS

AMY

Amy is a woman of substance. This much actually stands out from this colour photography and is, perhaps, in danger of clubbing the casual observer to death. Not everyone, though, will zero in on what is, without question, a "fine pair of mammaries", since Amy spends a good deal of time with both a bra and t-shirt/sweater on. Her breasts, in other words, do not always bubble into view giving rise to such spontaneous stroking urges, and so forth. Those of you who see these pages are very lucky indeed. (Some who have worked beside her at the bank for two or three years have never glimpsed the splendid truth beneath, and are not likely to).

Photographed by Lesley Turtle

ANTOINETTE

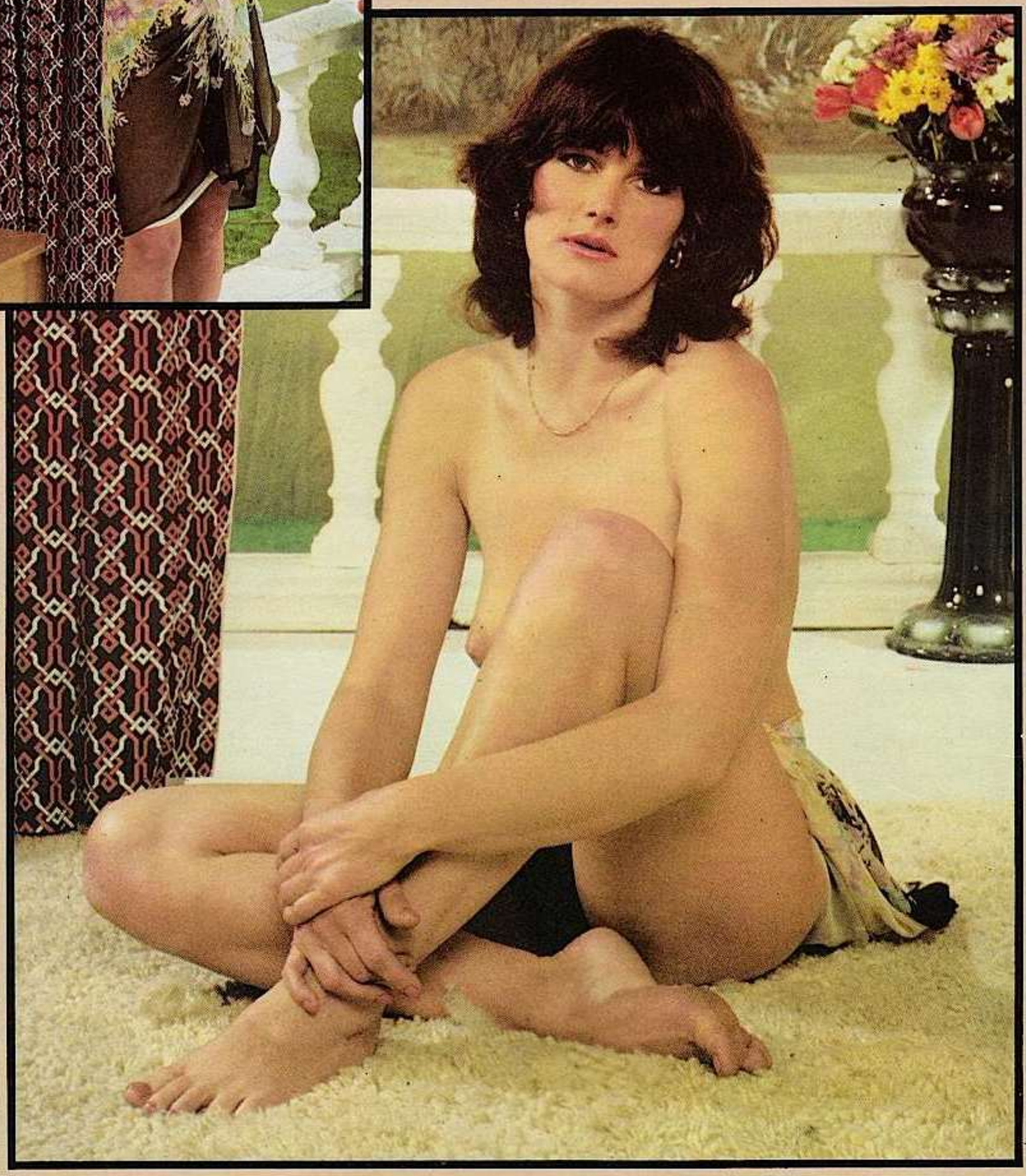
She walks into the room, igniting the sort of low spark that inspired the Gunpowder Plot circa 1605, or gave rise to torches that don't run on Duracell batteries. Already down to the pure white essentials—knickers, suspender straps, chemise, etc. Not much else, for sure. Her aura is dynamic. A girl to make a man snap the stem of his wine-glass without the slightest notion that it's happened. Antoinette. You'd better remember that name.

She's French-Canadian and over here indefinitely, prefers to speak English (which is fine with me) but, let's say, finds her French still comes in handy. She's also in the habit of licking her lips after a sentence as though subliminal ice-cream is descending without difficulty through the ozone layer. Up on the wall, a relative of the Cutty Sark drifts by. But I'm eating cake by this time, having succumbed to the need for something far richer.

Photographed by R. B. Kane

AMATEUR MODEL NO.2

Barbara Company



Photographed by David Paul

Barbara Campany came to town from North Wales, complete with attentive hubby, who does a nice line in double glazing. "We come down to London for a bit of sunshine now and then, you see. It always rains at home," she told us in innocent rural Welsh tones. She didn't look so innocent, though, when the time came to strip off and provide extra decoration for our photographer's plush suburban living room. "Of course I enjoy sex. I mean, there's not much else to do where we live. Can you think of a better way to spend the time?" We didn't try too hard. By the time she left, our eyes were well and truly double glazed.

ELEKTRA

Nothing tragic about this lady. Nor need her praises be sung, like Homer's epic poems, purely from memory. For Elektra's flesh tones, cooking, as it were, under a favourable climate, sort of lash out at the eyes in a manner reminiscent of the Moray Eel. They invite criticism, as Lord Palmerston said of the Corn Laws, but expect none. The drama of the name is, in this instance, equal to the body which houses it.

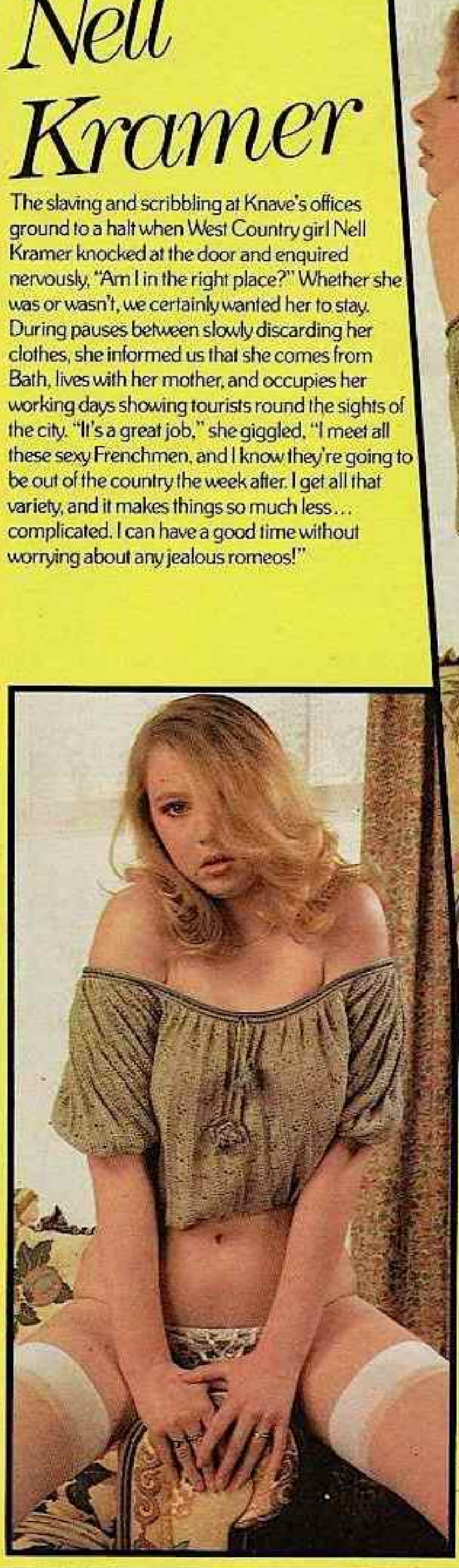
The mundane data behind these heroic effects is that Elektra has only just reached the age of majority (I think she lied to me here, but let it pass), her breasts are rather cuddly while the skin itself makes the transition from lobster-red to the colour of toast that melted butter looks most drinkable on. Her hips and waist, I feel bound to say, at 37" and 25" respectively, play admirable supportive roles. Let's leave it at that.

Photographed by Oliver Unger

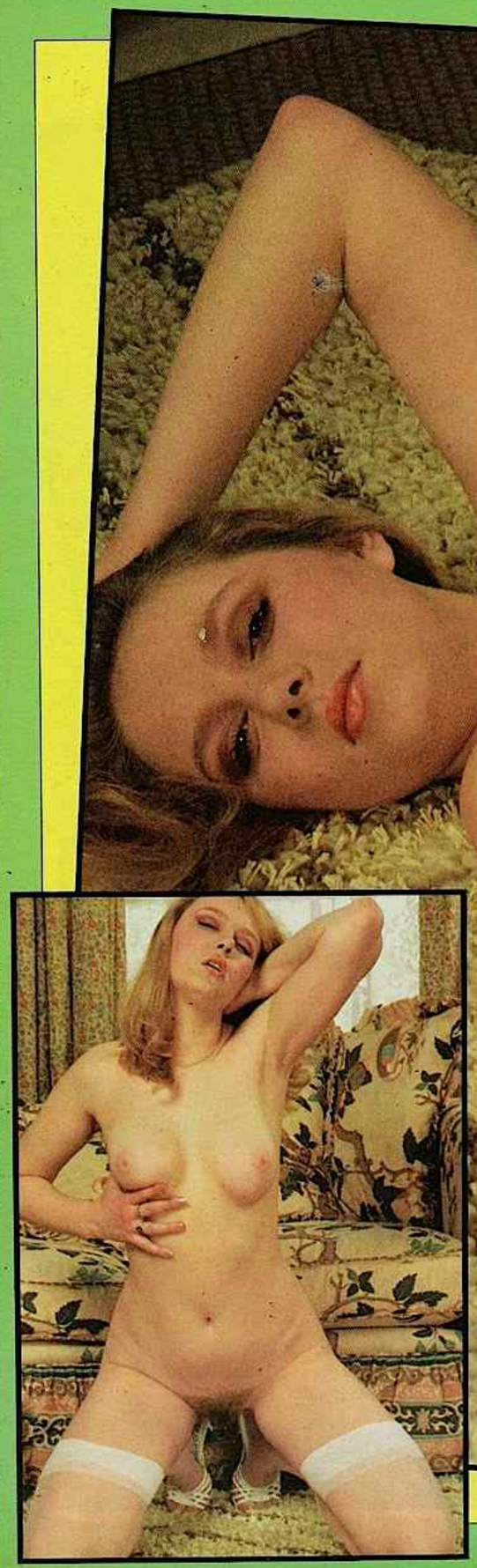
AMATEUR MODEL NO.1

Nell Kramer

The slaving and scribbling at Knave's offices ground to a halt when West Country girl Nell Kramer knocked at the door and enquired nervously, "Am I in the right place?" Whether she was or wasn't, we certainly wanted her to stay. During pauses between slowly discarding her clothes, she informed us that she comes from Bath, lives with her mother, and occupies her working days showing tourists round the sights of the city. "It's a great job," she giggled, "I meet all these sexy Frenchmen, and I know they're going to be out of the country the week after. I get all that variety, and it makes things so much less... complicated. I can have a good time without worrying about any jealous romeos!"



Photographed by David Paul

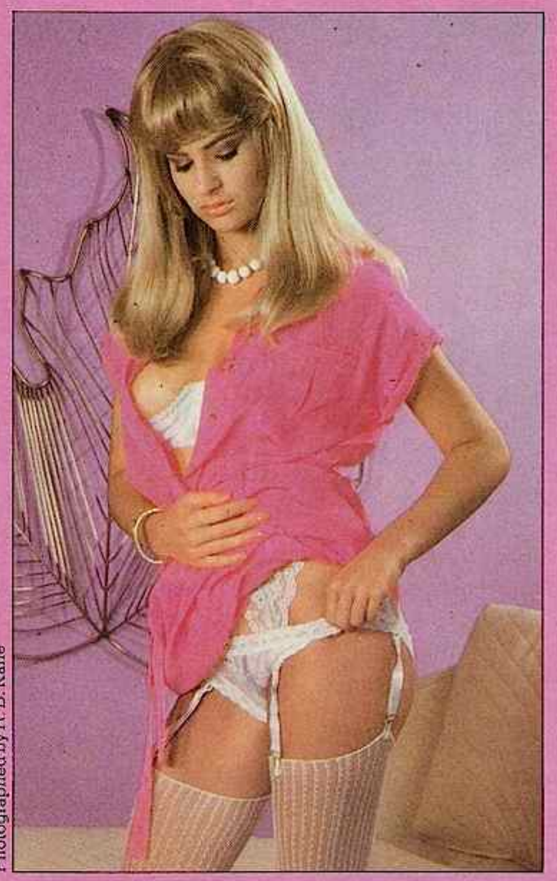


TUESDAY

According to certain antique rumour, it is supposed that Tuesday's child is full of grace (whatever this consists of). Or perhaps it is fair of face. The whole thing is pretty confusing. Tuesday, in your field of vision here, was born on a Tuesday and has never looked back since, afraid perhaps, like many superstitious people, of becoming a pillar of salt. (A factor which would, most likely, alter her love life radically, quite apart from what might happen if it rained).

The first thing that'd strike you about Tuesday if you met her is her height. She's tall. Her legs look capable of outdistancing an East German athlete on hormone pills on any day that lacked excessive humidity. However, as you might expect, this shapely sparkle is strictly confined to the bedroom—a place in which, for Tuesday's benefit, implausible sex tableaux of Oriental birth are attempted for the sake of variation and spice.

Tuesday does not subscribe to the theory that sex once a week is enough. She describes herself as very randy, particularly after eating Italian food. Quite unperturbed by the urgency with which I requested mathematically precise statistics, Tuesday said: "My breasts hover expectantly in the region of 36," though the cup size fluctuates. Hips are kind of large, 36" I think. As for my waist, well I can climb into a pair of 28" jeans". Now whether these are vital or not, I leave entirely to the reader.



Photographed by R. B. Kane

TUESDAY

KNAVE

MAGAZINE

The Lady Undresses

The saucy young lady of the house failed to notice that Sir Jonah Dewbottle's painted face had been replaced by the somewhat coarser features of Cedric, her master's valet.

Cedric, being of weak constitution, suffered severe heart palpitations as, nose and eyeballs thrusting through the frame, he espied the lady disrobing. The oil paint began to run as Cedric sweated more and more profusely, drooling over Ma'am removing knickers, - brassiere, stockings and upper-class suspender belt.

It wasn't long, though, before the damsel ascertained that the portrait was a dastardly fake. Investigating further, she exposes rather more than just Cedric, the peeping impostor.

Photographed by Lord Everest